



# MONTEREY NEWS

OCTOBER 1991



## TOWN NEWS

The Board of Selectmen, the Monterey Police Department and the Monterey Fire Company are working on the implementation of a 911 emergency calling system for the town. The project of a nationwide plan to make the emergency system available to rural areas. It will take about two years to get the system working.

There are two main issues to be addressed: choosing a local affiliate for the 911 headquarters and creating a numbering system for all the houses in Monterey. There is a 911 affiliate in Great Barrington and one in Pittsfield. There have been prob-

lems with receiving the signal from the Great Barrington affiliate because of the mountains between our towns, and it has been suggested that we might install a transmitter on the microwave tower near Butternut Basin ski area. The Pittsfield affiliate has a transmitter on Mt. Greylock, and there has never been a problem receiving the signal.

The second issue — creating a numbering system for all houses in Monterey — is necessary to aid emergency vehicles in finding a location. Although creating a numbering system may sound like a simple task, it must take into account future building and possible zoning changes.





Arthur Somers met with the Selectmen to request a permit to hold occasional celebrations such as weddings, conferences and workshops at Rock Ridge, his residence on Tyringham Road. The Board reminded Mr. Somers of its refusal to grant the permit in February and advised him to seek a Special Permit from the Board of Appeals. The Somers have decided to ask for a change in the zoning bylaw which would make their request a use-by-right, instead of obtaining a Special Permit. The Planning Board will hold a Public Hearing on this issue on Thursday, October 24, at 7:30 p.m.

Thomas O'Brien, ranger at Beartown State Forest met with the Selectmen to discuss the placing of a metal gate on Beartown Mountain Road where the town road intersects with state property. The 28'-wide gate will help control winter and mud season access to the State Forest. It will allow skiers and snowmobilers access while restricting the four-wheel-drive trucks that damage the road. Mr. O'Brien said that the gate will only be closed in winter and mud season and that the road will be accessible to larger vehicles at other times. A schedule of the gate closings will be announced in the newspaper.

The Konkapot River cleanup is under way on River Road. A crew sent by the Berkshire County Commissioners is doing the work, which primarily involves removing logs from the river. The logs were diverting the water, thereby aggravating the erosion problem, and presented a potential hazard in the event of flooding.

Jim Thomas and Mickey Burns of the Park Commission met with the Board to report on the ballfield project approved at the annual town meeting. The Park Commission has talked to engineers about the repairs needed to upgrade the section of the ballfield that does not drain properly. The topsoil will be set aside, a drainage system will be installed, gravel will be added to raise the level of the field, and the topsoil will be replaced. In order to save money on the project, the Board agreed that the town will supply the gravel to the contractor hired to do the work. Selectman Bill Bohn, as the town's procurement officer, will contact three bidders and will request specifications for the project.

Reflecting the continuing concern of many people in town about the appearance of the infamous Route 23 berm, Maggie Leonard asked the Selectmen if the town was in charge of mowing and if more plantings might be installed on the property in front of the trees. The Selectmen suggested waiting until spring to see if the current plantings survive snowplowing and road salt.

Winter hours for the Monterey Disposal Area will begin on Sunday, October 27.

WEDNESDAY 8:00 a.m.-1:00 p.m. (unchanged)  
SATURDAY 8:00 a.m.-1:00 p.m. (unchanged)  
SUNDAY 10:00 a.m.-4:30 p.m.

The following building permit applications were approved: Gerald Teplitz, for the construction of a swimming pool at his Lake Buel property, submitted by Bob Killard, his agent; Beverly Goodman, for the repair and alteration of a boathouse at her Hupi Road property, submitted by Dean Hutson, her agent; Mark Cash, for the construction of a basement at his Buckingham Lane property, submitted by Dean Hutson, his agent; Alice Hanlon, for the construction of a porch addition to her Mt. Hunger Road home, submitted by Howard Burns, the contractor; Patrice Pulvers of New York City, for the construction of a carport at her Hupi Road property, submitted by Tamarack Garlow, the contractor (subject to applicant's signature being affixed to application).

— Maggie Leonard

## Public Hearing

The Planning Board will hold a public hearing at the Monterey Town Hall on Thursday, October 24, at 7:30 p.m. Changes to the zoning bylaw to permit renting of private residences for various functions will be discussed.





## CHURCH NEWS

There is a great deal of excitement and anticipation as the Long Range Planning Task Force begins its work. We're trying to create a new theological model of ministry based on Matthew Fox's ideas of Creation Centered Spirituality. What follows is an excerpt from one of my recent sermons to help explain this concept.

The Old Testament lesson (Genesis 1:26-2:3) focuses on the final two days of Creation. On day six, God commands that the earth bring forth living creatures and then completes his work with the creation of humanity. God blesses them and gives them dominion over all of creation. On the seventh day, God rests from all his labors, and the world is at peace. Then comes the "juicy" part—the Temptation! How Satan, the wily serpent, tricks Eve into tempting Adam to eat the forbidden fruit.

Here is where the traditional study of Christian theology likes to root itself with the FALL from grace to sin. We all know the name of this theological concept—Original Sin. This, however, is the primary point of departure for Creation Centered Spirituality, which maintains that God created the universe and us in Original Blessing. Yes, sin is a part of the world, but it is not the foundation of our being. We are, each and every one of us original blessings.

"In the beginning God *created* the heavens and the earth."

"God *created* humankind in his image."

The Hebrew word for create is *bara*, and it carries with it the image of fashioning, forming, molding. Like a skilled potter shaping a vessel, God creates the world with loving hands. There is the sense of an intimate relationship. God doesn't just command something into existence but rather births creation with artistic hands.

The word *bara* is also closely related to another Hebrew word: *berakah*, which means "blessing." Do you begin to see the connection? To create is to bestow a blessing upon that which the creator creates. Think of what that means if God is our Creator: I'm blessed. You're blessed. The whole world is blessed. We are, then, blessings to each other.

Now the word *berakah* also has another meaning—"pool." And if you change one vowel—to *berekah*—it means a water reservoir where camels kneel at a resting place. Obviously, in the desert, any pool of water, no matter how small, is a blessing. But there is still yet another word closely related to the same etymological root: *beriyth*, which means "covenant." Theologically, a covenant is more than just a contract. It is a "blessing agreement," a holy promise to bless and to return blessing for blessing.

This is where our Christian theology needs to begin: with the radical concept that all creation is blessed, that humanity is blessed into being and that we are partners in a "blessing agreement" with our Creator. But instead of living out our blessing we have traditionally viewed humanity as centered in sinfulness and all the world as little more than property to be used (or misused) any way we see fit. After all, doesn't God say we are supposed to have dominion over creation? It is ours to dominate, to subdue, to exploit. So, we take what we want and trash the rest. But the Hebrew word for dominion is *roeh*, which literally means "stewardship" or "to shepherd." Doesn't that put a different light on things? The earth isn't supposed to be our dumping grounds or a limitless source for materialism. The earth is a blessing place, and we are called to be its caretakers. We are members in a "blessing agreement," managers of God's creation, shepherds taking care of the master's sheep.

Our role model in blessedness is Jesus the Christ, the "good shepherd." His entire life and ministry was a renewal of this "blessing agreement" with

*Every creature is a word of God  
and is a book about God.*

— Meister Eckhart

*In music, in the sea, in a flower,  
in a leaf, in an act of kindness . . .*

*I see what people call God  
in all these.*

— Pablo Casals

### COME SHARE THE SPIRIT!

The Monterey United Church of Christ  
Sunday Worship Celebration 10:00 A.M.  
(childcare available)



God. A major theological theme running throughout the New Testament is that of New Creation. Jesus is the New Creation, the one who renews the "blessing agreement" with the Creator. He announces it as the reign of God's kingdom, and when the Pharisees ask him when this new kingdom is to occur, Jesus replies, "Behold, the kingdom of God is in the midst of you" (Luke 17:21). But the Greek word *entos* means more than just "in the midst of" or "among." Quite literally, it means "within." So, a more literal interpretation of this passage reads, "The kingdom of God is within you." God's kingdom, reign, presence, blessing is not only among us, it is "within us." Jesus knew that God has left more than just a thumb print on us in our creation. If we are created in God's image, then we are holy, and the divine dwells within us.

Creation Centered Spirituality affirms this inner divinity and that we are, therefore, called to be co-creators with the Creator. And that means we must discover the artist within us. It's not that we must become another Beethoven, Shakespeare, Picasso or Martha Graham. Rather, we are creative and, whether we compose music or bake bread, paint a landscape or pray with a friend, we are called to be co-creators with God in the holy enterprise of life. We are in a deeply intimate relationship with the Creator, and our new direction in a Creation Centered Ministry will take us on a creative journey to affirm and explore that relationship.

— Cliff Aerie

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## CHILDREN'S HEALTH PROGRAM

In response to a growing number of requests from families for food and clothing, there are several resources available locally:

- WIC (Women's, Infants' and Children's Food Supplement Program; 528-0457.
- Community Services, Castle Street, Great Barrington; 528-1947.
- Children's Health Program, clothing exchange for children aged birth to two years; 528-9311.
- Some local churches also assist with food and clothing. Please call Claudette at Children's Health Program for information; 528-9311.

The New Marlboro Playgroup began the week of September 16 and will meet each Tuesday, 9:30 a.m.-11:30 a.m. at the Town Hall, Mill River. The leader is Elaine Bertoli, Mill River. We appreciate the help of the New Marlboro Selectmen in obtaining this space.

The Playgroup leaders have planned a family Halloween Party for playgroup families on Saturday, October 26, 10:00 a.m.-noon, at the Schneider Youth Center, Bridge Street, Great Barrington. It is hoped that all families with children aged five and younger will be able to join us. Entertainment, children's activities and snacks will be provided. If you can help out with contributions of money or food, call Claudette at 528-9311 or Wendy at 528-4007.

Parenting discussion groups and classes will begin at the Children's Health Program on October 1. The classes will meet each Tuesday evening for five weeks. For more information, call Claudette.

— Claudette Callahan

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## MONTEREY LIBRARY NOTES

Once again, the Monterey Library will offer a Book Reading/ Discussion Series for the autumn months. The series, "The Quest for Utopia," will consist of four biweekly sessions during October and November at 7:00 p.m. at the library. Funding will be provided by the library, the Massachusetts Foundation for Humanities and Public Policy and (if the money comes through from the state), the Monterey Arts Council.

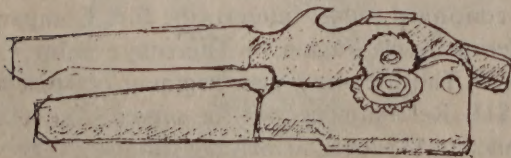
As usual, each program will include a short presentation by a scholar of literature and discussion with the participants. The first program on Monday, October 7, will be on the book *Herland* by C. P. Gilman. The speaker will be Marion Copeland of Holyoke Community College.

Subsequent programs will be on *Brave New World* by Aldous Huxley, on October 21; *The Dispossessed* by Ursula Le Guin, on November 4; and *The Tempest* by William Shakespeare, on November 18.

Participants may attend any or all of the programs. Paperback copies of the books are now available for loan at the library. For more information, to register, and to obtain books, come to the library or call 528-3795 (or call me at home, 528-4723).

We are operating under somewhat different rules this time from those in the past. The Massachusetts Foundation for Humanities and Public Policy will fund only half the expenses of the series, since they have already sponsored two series for us in full. Our other sources of funds are not sufficient to make up the balance, so we are reluctantly asking participants to contribute \$10 (\$2.50 per program) toward the expenses of the series. The Foundation is also requiring us to present them with a list of twenty pre-registered participants before they will release the grant funds to us. These new requirements mean that it is more important than ever that everyone interested come to the library as soon as possible to register and to pick up copies of the books.

— John Higgins



## VETERANS MEMORIAL COMMITTEE REQUESTS NAMES

The Monterey Veterans Memorial Committee, as reported in the September issue of the *Monterey News*, has been formed. The goal is to create a suitable memorial honoring both full and part-time residents of Monterey who have served their country during times of war. To insure that our list of veterans is as complete as possible, we are asking you to submit names of veterans who served from World War II to the present. Please contact either Dean Amidon or Art Hastedt, co-chairmen of the committee.

## MONTEREY WATER COMPANY NEWS

At last there is some good news to report in our continuing battle against state DEP regulations. Thanks to the combined efforts of those who wrote letters to elected officials, State Senator Jane Swift, and Monterey Water Company president Kenneth Heath, the \$1,150 compliance fee that the state had been demanding has been dropped. If a fee is imposed in the future, it will be in the \$50 range.

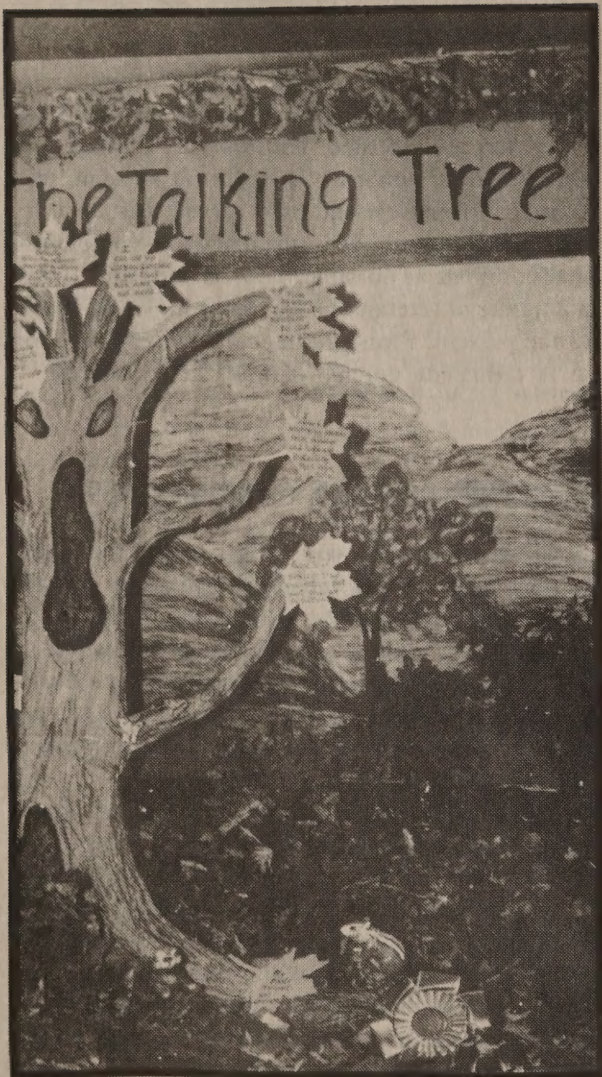
Officials from the EPA in Washington, D. C., visited with our Board of Directors in August. They were impressed with our attempts to satisfy the state DEP. With the moral support of federal officials, we are hopeful that the state will allow us some flexibility in meeting the goals of the federal Safe Drinking Water Act without having to comply with enormously expensive state standards that don't really apply to our situation.

In spite of these encouraging developments, we must be prepared to make improvements in our system. We must replace the 70-year-old mains which have been the root of the problems we have had in the past. We appreciate the continued support of the members of the company. This support is vital in keeping our cooperative in good shape.

— Mark Makuc

Our little green and white beetle boat wandered away again this summer on Lake Garfield. If you find it, we will send it for counseling and go to a rope-tying class. Call Judy Bach, 528-9636. Thanks.





*A section of the Grange exhibit at the Great Barrington Fair*

## MONTEREY GRANGE NEWS

Monterey Grange #291 met on September 4 for installation of officers. A 55-year seal was presented to Brother Charles Slater. Guests were present from Victory, Riverton, Litchfield/Granby and Umpachene Granges.

The Grange took part in the agricultural parade for "A Taste of the Berkshires" on September 7. Tolitha Butler and Eleanor Kimberley rode on the float. We also had an exhibit at the Great Barrington Fair, which won a second prize as well as the state award.

The Grange met again on September 18 for a Ritual Review in charge of Deputy Peter Martin.

Lecturer Mary Wallace has been invited to be Lecturer for Officers' Night at the Granby, Connecticut, Grange. She will also be a delegate at the Annual State Session in Plymouth, Massachusetts, on October 25-27.

The next meeting will be October 2 for "Young at Heart Night."


— Mary Wallace

## MONTEREY FIRE COMPANY NEWS

A belated thank you to all who helped with the Steak Roast, our primary fundraiser for paying our mortgage. In our post-roast discussion, there was a suggestion that some people might prefer to have an alternative to steak. If there is enough interest, we might provide a choice of steak or fish. If you would prefer fish, tell any member of the fire company (Maynard Forbes at the store is usually available) as soon as possible so we can plan for next year.

## CPR CLASS

In August, the Monterey Fire Company sponsored a CPR class, which proved very successful. Because of continued public interest, the Fire Company is offering the class again, on Thursday evening, October 10. The three-hour class begins at 7:00 p.m. Cost is \$15. Refreshments will be served. The class is limited to 13 people, so early registration is suggested. For more information and to register, call Dan Andrus at 528-5444.

 MARY KAY

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## MONTEREY ROUND TABLE

In response to Judy Bach's call for a town council, more than twenty people met at the home of Alice and Arthur Somers on September 10. Judy Bach chaired the meeting, which was notable for lively discussion, an outpouring of ideas and the enthusiasm of the participants.

It was decided to call the group the Monterey Round Table. This name exemplifies the open, non-partisan spirit the group hopes to promote. Our intention is to become a forum in which all the diverse groups and interests in Monterey can come together and have an opportunity for dialogue. As Alice Howell expressed our thought, "Although we do not all agree on everything, we all love living in this beautiful spot we call Monterey, and that is what binds us all together."

Selectman Bill Bohn said that the Round Table would be very helpful to elected town officials because it is often difficult for the Selectmen and other boards to know exactly what it is that people want. Projects being considered by governmental bodies might well be discussed at the Round Table.

The Round Table might also be a good place to begin projects proposed by individuals or private groups. We might well be able to streamline and coordinate plans.

Several people stressed the idea that the Round Table is to be an unofficial citizens group, available to give assistance and guidance only. It is not intended to direct or initiate projects on its own.

It was also pointed out that the Round Table will be only as good as its participants, and that everyone should feel welcome to attend meetings and share opinions. Some meetings will be held on weekends to give part-time residents a chance to participate.

Our next meeting will focus on specific goals and organization of the Round Table. It will take place on Tuesday, October 8, at 7:30 p.m. at the home of Alice and Arthur Somers. Everyone is invited to attend.

— Nicky Hearon



## COMPOSTING WORKSHOPS

Just in time for fall yard cleanups, the Center for Ecological Technology (CET) is offering workshops on backyard composting. "Backyard Composting Made Easy" will demonstrate the benefits of composting household food and yard wastes. Please pre-register by calling CET at 445-4556. A \$3 donation is requested to cover the copying costs for participant workbooks and handouts. The workshop will be offered at the following times and locations:

Saturday, October 5	Ward's Nursery
10:00 a.m.-noon	Great Barrington
Tuesday, October 8	Reid Middle School
7:00-9:00 p.m.	Pittsfield
Saturday, October 19	Scoville Library
10:00 a.m.-noon	Salisbury, Connecticut
Saturday, October 25	Hopkins Memorial Forest
10:00 a.m.-noon	Williamstown

## MONTEREY REPUBLICAN TOWN COMMITTEE

If you were a registered Republican by August 21, 1991, you are eligible to serve on the Town Committee and participate in the decision-making process at the local, state and national levels. We are allowed twenty members and have several openings this year. Serving on the Town Committee does not involve a lot of work or a major time commitment, but it does allow you to have a greater impact on the direction of the Republican Party. The deadline for being nominated is November 8, with election to take place on the day of the presidential primary next March. If you are interested in being nominated, please call Mark Makuc at 528-1382.

### GOULD FARM MONTEREY

VOLUNTEERS - Caring individuals for community mental health facility. No experience needed for various tasks, coordinate transportation, bake bread. Call T. Newton (413) 528-1804 Room and board provided.



## MONTEREY WILDLIFE SURVEY NEWS

The compilation has begun! Here are some highlights from observations that have come in so far:

*Bear sightings:* In the last two or three years:

- Maureen and Mike Banner saw an adult bear crossing Route 23 near their former house; the Aerie family saw an adult bear in the meadow by the parsonage; Joe and Cora Baker (alerted by their dog, Mango) saw an adult bear a few yards up the hill from their house, and Joe saw it, or another, downhill from the house a few weeks later; Art Hastedt saw one near the west end of Lake Garfield last fall.

More recently:

"On the fifth of August, at about 9:30 in the morning, a lone black bear ambled into the dooryard and sniffed around Riley's sandbox. We all watched from the kitchen. The bear's flapfoot, loose-limbed walk rippled through a glossy coat, his (her?) rounded bulk close to the ground, easy and balanced.

"It looked small to me (I guess 18-24 inches tall, about 100 pounds), and I think of it as a cub, no doubt in part because this happened on Riley's third birthday. They seemed of an age, bear years to human years, and the visit felt like a gift."

Peter Murkett, 9/1/91

"Last September, a large *brown* (I believe) bear strolled out of the bushes and crossed the lawn. It did have a large yellow papier-maché-looking collar around its neck."

Anonymous, 9/5/91

Tyringham Road, near Mt. Hunger

*Purple Loosestrife:* "The purple loosestrife was a plant I could count on seeing as soon as I crossed into New York State on Route 23. We all know how it has spread. As of last summer, it appeared not to

have crossed north of Route 20, as yet."

Loul McIntosh, 9/9/91

"One tall clump of loosestrife appeared on the marshy shore of the southeast corner of Lake Garfield three years ago. It's still there, and another is flourishing, this year, some sixty feet north of the first."

David McAllester, 9/17/91

*Yellow Iris (Iris pseudacorus)* is becoming established around Lake Garfield. I think we know the whole history of this introduction. It has 'escaped from cultivation to marshes and banks of streams' (Newcomb, p. 120) and we brought a clump that was growing wild on the Charles River in Dover, MA, and planted it in the 1940s, by the House Brook that crosses under Route 23 at Keyes' Corner. The brook carried seeds down to the lake, and there are now dense clumps along the east shore and a scattering all the way to the other end of the lake."

David McAllester, 9/17/91

*New birds:* "... flocks of about a dozen night-hawks—over Curtis Road, and over Main House" (Gould Farm).

Loul McIntosh, 9/9/91

*Birds getting scarce:* Robins (at breeding time), barn swallows, cliff swallows, catbirds.

Loul McIntosh, 9/9/91

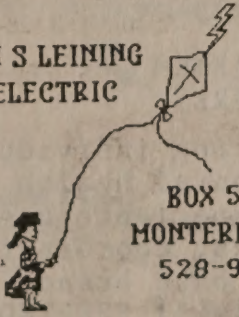
At this point we're just getting started, but when we have dozens more (we hope) observations, sightings and reminiscences we will begin to have real data on the comings and goings of the plant and animal population with whom we share our town. Many thanks for the responses we've already received!

— Dean Amidon

David McAllester

Bob Volckhausen

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## NEW BOOK FROM MONTEREY WRITER

*How Like An Angel Came I Down—Conversations with Children on the Gospels*, by A. Bronson Alcott, edited by Alice O. Howell, has recently been published by Lindisfarne Press.

In her introduction to these 46 conversations between Bronson Alcott and students at his Temple School in Boston, Alice O. Howell says, "I cannot imagine anyone's attitude toward children not being altered by . . . [Alcott's] work." And I cannot imagine a finer vehicle to give folks the opportunity for that alteration than Alice's newly released book.

Like many of us, I was obliquely acquainted with Alcott, through his daughter's classic *Little Women*, through Louisa's biographers, and through the thought and poetry of his friends, Thoreau and Emerson. I met Bronson Alcott, himself, only eighteen months ago when Alice permitted me to run off briefly with one of her big black notebooks.

It contained a copy of her working manuscript for *How Like An Angel Came I Down*. Inspired by Alcott's work, I found myself truly transported. But rather than looking nostalgically back to 1830, the time when the conversations took place, I was lifted up and carried to that state of being which is timeless. Alcott's work generates an awareness of that inner light in which the soul takes precedence over the mind.

It may have been some Quaker folk in the Carolinas who first taught Bronson Alcott about the "inner light." Awareness of this connection to the Divine had a profound effect upon the man.

Implicit in all Alcott's teaching is the idea that "the purpose of consciousness is to recognize the spirit in all things, to see the sacred in the commonplace." He sensed that his goal as a teacher was to assist each child in becoming all he was capable of being, to introduce each child to the wisdom already present in the child's eternal soul.

Once that introduction was made and the seedling relationship nurtured, Alcott believed a child would unfold in grace naturally, like an oak tree, like a flower, each according to an immense, exquisite Divine Order. To achieve this goal, he used a teaching method called dialogue.

He would ask his students a provocative question and encourage them to respond to it. But he asked them to respond from a disciplined place within, to dive beneath their surface thoughts to reach the part of themselves which "loves, thinks and feels."

Strict discipline was required of his students.

Its purpose was never discipline for its own sake, or because he believed that children need to be "whipped into shape." Instead, Alcott used discipline "mainly to provide a secure framework for an astonishing democracy of thought and opinion." The connecting of all education to the spiritual dignity and responsibility of each individual was one of the maxims of his educational credo.

As Alice comments in the final section of the book, "We learn so much more when we want to learn than when we have to." *How Like An Angel Came I Down* offers sound principles and worthwhile challenges for parents, for teachers and for children.

— MaryKate Jordan

## NOTES FROM THE BIDWELL HOUSE

As summer passes into fall, The Bidwell House museum approaches an end to its second season on Sunday, October 13. The guest book reveals a second season of visitors from near and far. Not only have Berkshire County residents and Bidwell descendants found their way to the historic Bidwell House, but people from as far away as Argentina, too. The original town road leading to The Bidwell House has, indeed, been a road well traveled this second year.

Many people have played a role in our success. Satisfied visitors have told their friends about The Bidwell House. Volunteers have contributed many hours of service. And generous donors have given gifts to further our endeavors. To all of the people who have championed The Bidwell House these past two seasons, thank you.

There are only two brief weeks left to The Bidwell House season. In the time it takes for a leaf to fall from a tree, the off-season will arrive and preparation for Memorial Day 1993 will begin. Hours through October 13 are Tuesdays-Sundays, 11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. For information call 528-6888.

— Shirley Clute







## THE YEAR OF THE HAW APPLES

Never, since I have been paying attention to things, has there been such a year for haw apples. Maybe the same thing could be said of blackberries, raspberries, and fruits in general, including the regular apples, but I remember other years when the apples lay all over the roadsides and wild cherries fell like rain. There have been other summers when I could barely make it up the hill to the garden because of all the stops along the path, berries catching my eye, seducing me with sugar promises there in the shade before I ever got to my hot day's work.

We have apple trees in the woods here, feral trees and wild descendants of orchards long gone. We have always kept a close eye on these, especially in the years before our planted orchard began to bear. We have gathered the fruit for drying, for making apple sauce, and from the trees that were especially good we've taken twigs for grafting. We've also cut twigs from our neighbors' favorite varieties and even bought them through the mail, to use for grafting onto wild stock in the spring.

All the time we have been planting and grafting, sampling and saving, clearing away the woods to let sun onto our hillside so we could some day have big, tart-but-sweet apples in our hands, there has been a wild and thorny relation skulking and thriving in the woods. Each spring when we go out to the orchard to savor the bloom and pray for fruit, we walk right past a tough native apple with as lovely a blossom as any of our cultivated trees. This is the hawthorn, or thorn apple, and though there are said to be over 800 species of hawthorn in North America, I've only seen one around here.

Our native hawthorn has pale, scaly bark, toothed leaves that are sort of squarish to oval,

pretty white blossoms in the spring, and little red fruits in late summer. It also has the wickedest thorns I've ever encountered. These thorns are not hooked or barbed, they are not even the longest thorns in the world. They are about an inch to an inch and a half long, but they have a clever way of getting themselves stuck into you which I will describe.

Hawthorns hang onto their dead wood. You can see it overhead, sort of tangled in the long, springy branches of live wood, sometimes just caught there by the thorns being meshed together. Then the wind will blow a little or a heavy rain will come, and down drop these lethal prunings. The thorns are made of wood which is tougher than the main branches, and they stick off at right angles to the branch, but in every plane imaginable (more or less). This means that when a little old dead branch hits the ground, the thorns do not lie down flat. Maybe a few do lie along the ground, but these just act as supports or feet for the rest of the weapon, which is bristling with tough daggers ready to break off in a bare foot.

The first time one of our kids stepped on a hawthorn I decided it was time to rout them from our hillside. The thorn went straight into the arch of her bare foot, right to the hilt, and broke off. It was so tough we couldn't get a purchase on it with a sewing needles, couldn't pop it out. It took the superior tools of the pediatrician, plus three of us holding her down, to get the thorn out, and then it hurt for a long time. I know this is true, and anyone who has ever pulled a hawthorn from his or her foot can back me up: there is something especially painful about these thorns. It's as if they leave a little caustic bit of bark inside the hole or something. They do hurt like crazy, long after they are gone, for a couple of days at least.

We came home that day and I got out the chain saw and began my extermination project. But hawthorns are not easy to remove. You cut down one scraggly little tree, maybe twenty feet high with a couple of unbalanced, asymmetrical trunks, and the next thing you know you have six new trees shooting up from the stump. Also, the hawthorns fight back every inch of the way. When you cut one down it makes a great shower of dead wood and thorns. The ground is now mined, booby-trapped, and you are not safe in sneakers. You have to wear leather-soled boots. When you drag the little tree to a brush pile it will not lie down and make room for the next tree; the branches are springy and many stick straight up in the air no matter what you do.



Also hawthorn wood is heavy, a real fruit wood. I have carved wooden spoons from it and found it to have a pretty grain, like apple or pear.

After struggling to exterminate our hawthorns for a couple of years, I noticed they were gaining on me. At the same time, the kids were getting older and smarter about where they could walk barefoot and be safe (in the house, only), so I decided it was time to reorganize my attitude toward hawthorns. I noticed the chickadees, brown creepers, and nut-hatches liked working the scraggly bark, finding insects living there. In the late summer, robins gulped down the little red fruits.

Then, this year for the first time, the kids began gulping them down, too. Until this year there has never been enough meat on a haw apple to make it worth bothering with. You could put one in your mouth, mash it around a little and get a nice taste, but there was never anything to actually swallow that wasn't all seeds. This year is different, and I don't know why. One of my neighbors has an idea there is something apocalyptic afoot, with all the plants putting out their last productive burst before — what? I don't know. This same thought has crossed my mind, too, but I don't like to admit it because it doesn't make any sense to me. I'd rather look at each species separately, draw individual conclusions. I'll say yes, it is a fabulous year for yellow jackets and deer mice, also haw apples. The wasps are making me careful, the mice are eating up our potatoes just before getting eaten up themselves by our cat. The haw apples are making me glad I didn't carry out my extermination plan, which obscures a little the fact that I couldn't even though I did try.

— Bonner J. McAllester



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## THE VERY LAST

(on a newspaper photo of the last survivor, a Southerner, age 112, of the Civil War, March 19, 1959)

Once, like an ancient crow that huddles  
on a winter branch  
deserted by all flocks  
—and time itself—

one man remained  
or once was a man.

Now a dry and rustling husk  
through which the chilling meadow wind blows  
in the dying afternoon.

A skeleton taut with a bedsheet skin so spare  
one wonders where the brittle chamber lies  
that treasures space and air enough  
for the weary candle-light.

This is the end of an army and uncivil war  
contended by a multitude of men  
in blue and gray determination  
in a divided house.

The house—united now—stands on their bones  
long sheathed in the scabbard of the earth.

Somewhere in a dusty corner of the sky  
pipe the faint echoes of their bugle-calls  
their cries of life and pain and hope  
and ills and prayers and death.

There—and in the static inner ear  
of this anachronism.

Behind the failed eyes and monosyllabic mouth  
forgotten figures jerk in animated death  
processions of daguerreo-types  
down infinite roads  
past silhouetted woods  
and over cut-out hills  
to painted battle-grounds  
and hobbling oblivion

And last of all this shrinking skeleton  
crumbling storehouse of the final fading  
that pages cannot stay nor second-handed words hold  
from dissolution.

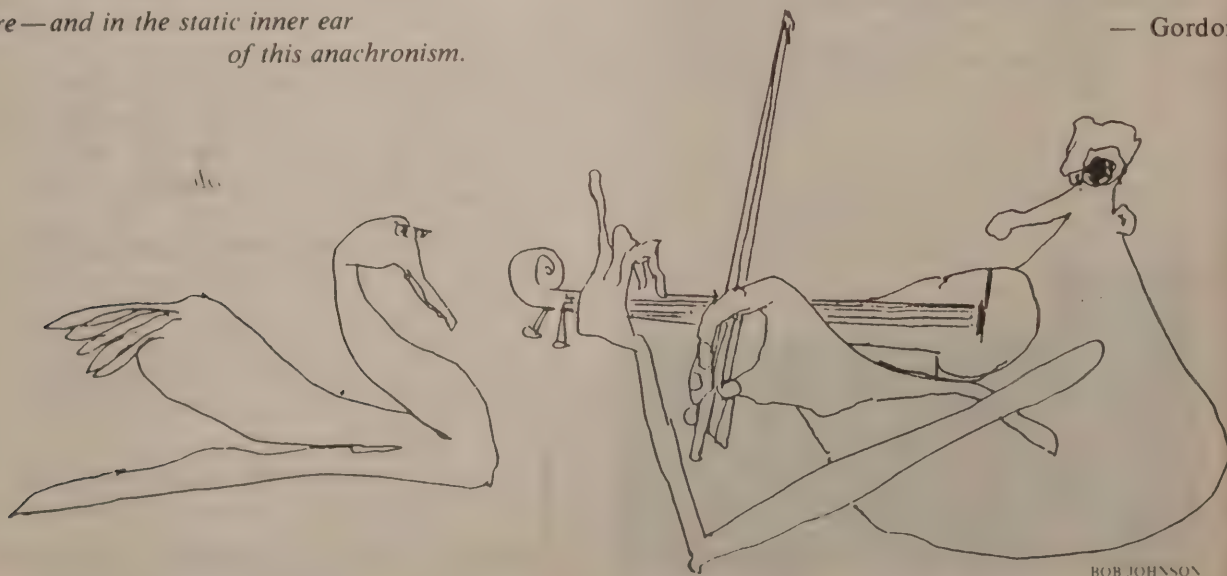
As the dark stain of war soaked into time  
and dubious victory retreated to the north  
the blade of decimating death swung  
north and south  
with deadly tolerance  
until the total ranks were harvested  
but for this sole confederate of Death.

The night is already in his eyes  
and creeps down cramped corridors  
to the narrow crypt where the wan candle waits  
for extinction.

Then—

—one casual day while the Spanish mo  
drips on a fertile land (green over a faded stain)  
the gray outline on the white truce of the sh  
will dissolve  
into history.

— Gordon S



BOB JOHNSON



## WHAT A LOVELY PROFUSION

*Sometimes pale yellow  
sometimes bright orange  
sometimes a coppery brown  
the leaves that are tumbling  
like dervishes now  
are taking us straight out of town.*

*If new thoughts  
came swirling around  
like all these  
fast turning from gray  
to bright gold  
What a lovely profusion  
of quite-something-else  
would change the face of this day.*

— Sue Moody

## THE HOLLANDAISE THAT CURDLED

Edward Lorenz: "Predictability: Does the Flap of a Butterfly's Wing in Brazil Set Off a Tornado in Texas?" (Address at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Sciences in Washington, December, 1979)

*It was a warm coloured  
monarch butterfly  
That flapped its wings on that soft  
summer night.  
I witnessed it.  
When I turned on my black box  
early the next morning  
I learned that Gorbachev's black box  
had been chucked by a tornado of thugs.  
The world has not been the same since.  
Was that what happened to the smooth  
uniform proto-universe  
Twenty billion years ago?  
Did the mother of all butterflies  
flap its wings on that dark  
primordial night  
And caused light to be  
and galaxies and great walls of galaxies  
And you and me?*

— Loul McIntosh

*The bluejay insinuates its color into the seasonal  
bleaching  
with ironic pride, glorying negligently in his sole  
possession*

*of self-referent difference:  
color. He is too big to care. There is something dry  
about him.*

*But grudgingly we have to acknowledge that in this  
season of decreasing*

*sexuality, he is there to flaunt its  
signal,*

*which is color, and in this season of a frost-facing  
heaven, neutral,*

*he dares to carry the sign it has abandoned,  
promising blue, color  
of things to come.*

— Stefan Brecht



## FLYING TO THE WEST

*Through a tattered cloud-gap  
A glimpse of a vast tableland  
Deeply scribed at the edges  
With the anatomy of topography.  
And even here and there in the  
Flat featureless interior  
A deep, irregular collapse  
Where insatiable floods have  
Gnawed a hole in an ocean bed  
Starting the inexorable conversion  
To canyonlands, to badlands to  
Rolling hills, valleys, ocean beds  
To carve again till entropy  
Has run its course and all is flat,  
Ready for up thrusts, volcanic,  
Tectonic, to start it all again,  
A belly dance shaking the loose  
Skin of unstable Mother Earth.*

— David P. McAllester



# JACK, THE LITTLE THIEVING, TRESPASSING PUNK WHO SNEAKED INTO MY HOUSE ON HIS BEANSTALK

## As Told by George Giant

Once upon a time there was a sweet, gentle giant. Yours truly. I lived high up in the clouds. I was very lonely since my relatives had all moved out to San Francisco. I couldn't go with them because I have allergies; I'm allergic to humans.

Since I have this allergy, I couldn't see anyone, so to amuse myself I kept a golden harp that sang to me and a pet hen.

Anyway, one day I was reading the latest issue of the *Daily Ogre* when I heard a rumbling. I looked out my window to see a huge vine climb up through the clouds. "Good season for beans," I said to my hen, and thought nothing of it.

But a little while later, I heard the creak of my front door. "I wonder what that is?" I thought and went to find out, singing a cheery song—you've heard that old favorite, "Fee Fi Fo Fum, I love everyone"? As I got closer to the door my eyes began to itch and I started sneezing. "I smell a bloody Englishman," I said. "Be he live or be he dead, I'll be too sick to eat my bread." (That's what I said, but when he got back he misquoted me with all that "I'll grind his bones to make my bread" stuff. I mean, really, I wouldn't make bread out of his bones. I'm a vegetarian, for Christ's sake!)

Well, I followed his smell into my harp room, and there was the little delinquent stealing my harp and my hen! I reached out to stop him but was overcome by an allergy attack and fell wheezing to the ground. The kid ran past me and dashed out the door.

When I pulled myself to my feet, Jack was climbing onto his beanstalk and going down, so I followed him. My allergy attack had weakened me so much that I was only halfway down when that kid got to the bottom and pulled that chopping-down-the-vine stunt. I fell twenty miles and landed flat on my back. I wound up in a Giants' Rest Home. And there I've been, and have lived, hunched over from a displaced vertebra ever after.

— Morgan Schick



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## ENIGMA

*My first is in cheer but not in sorrow.  
My second in day but not in morrow.  
My third is in pantry but not in shelf.  
My fourth is in dwarf but not in elf.  
My last is in hasty but not in fleet.  
My whole is something sweet to eat.  
What am I?*

Find the letters that spell the answer.

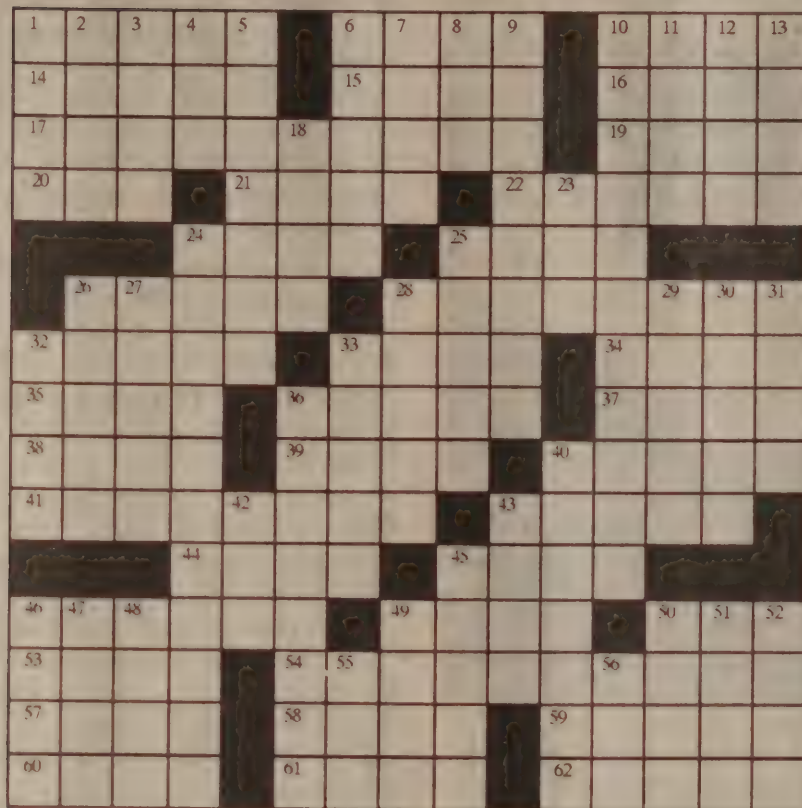
— E. Kimberley

Answer on page 18



# TO THE USSR - MAY SHE REST IN PEACE

By Ted Tchack



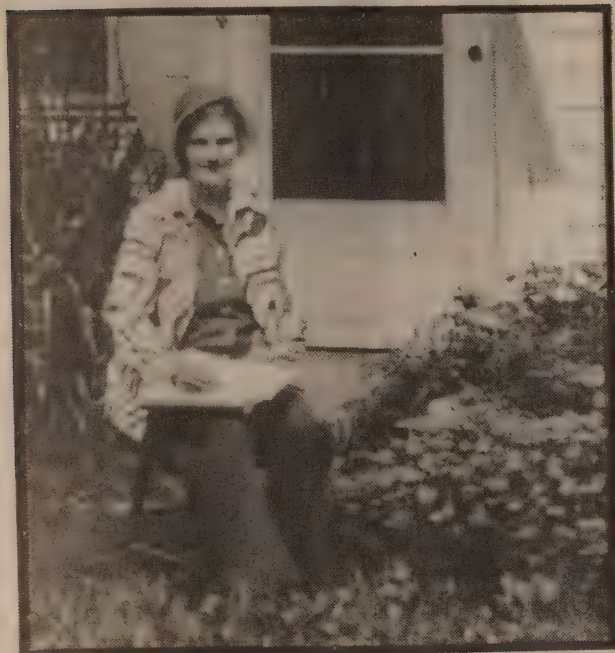
- |   |  |  |  |   |
|---|--|--|--|---|
| <p><b>ACROSS</b></p> <p>1 FORMER USSR OFFICIAL</p> <p>6 Law degrees</p> <p>10 Stain</p> <p>14 USSR RANGE</p> <p>15 Scottish isle</p> <p>16 Bondage</p> <p>17 FORMER SSR</p> <p>19 French miss</p> | <p>20 Employ</p> <p>21 Feels bad</p> <p>22 TV series</p> <p>24 Put up</p> <p>25 Farm structure</p> <p>26 Actress Faye</p> <p>28 Treeless spot</p> <p>32 Get used to</p> <p>33 Kind of rug</p> <p>34 Info agcy.</p> | <p>35 Wilted</p> <p>36 Card game</p> <p>37 Warbled</p> <p>38 South African settler</p> <p>39 For fear that</p> <p>40 Yoga position</p> <p>41 Deer's playmate</p> | <p>43 Hot</p> <p>44 Cuts</p> <p>45 What's before cabana</p> <p>46 Grown-up in Yiddish</p> <p>49 Peel</p> <p>50 Mil. address</p> <p>53 Brothers of baseball</p> | <p>54 FORMER SSR</p> <p>57 Unbelievable one</p> <p>58 Part</p> <p>59 Vine</p> <p>60 Tennis star</p> <p>61 Periods</p> <p>62 Lorelei, e.g.</p> |
|---|--|--|--|---|
- 
- |   |   |  |   |   |
|---|---|--|---|---|
| <p><b>DOWN</b></p> <p>1 CAPITAL OF 54 ACROSS</p> <p>2 Periods</p> <p>3 Bring down</p> <p>4 Old music note</p> <p>5 With mistrust</p> <p>6 Kind of thread</p> <p>7 Building site</p> <p>8 Important molecule</p> <p>9 Western city</p> | <p>10 FORMER SSR</p> <p>11 Laze</p> <p>12 SW state</p> <p>13 Small mounds</p> <p>18 "The ___ Report"</p> <p>23 Before king or mode</p> <p>24 Weather term</p> <p>25 Lean</p> <p>26 Particle</p> | <p>27 Director Sidney</p> <p>28 Run after</p> <p>29 Biblical patriarch</p> <p>30 Dolt</p> <p>31 Slightly crazy</p> <p>32 Island of exile</p> <p>33 Oozes</p> | <p>36 Boaster</p> <p>40 Makes good impression</p> <p>42 Varnish ingredient</p> <p>43 Apple</p> <p>45 Is concerned</p> <p>46 ___ la tete</p> <p>47 Ancient Greek land</p> <p>48 Old sailor</p> | <p>49 Skin</p> <p>50 Open</p> <p>51 Window section</p> <p>52 Son of Judah</p> <p>55 Menagerie</p> <p>56 A crowd in old Rome</p> |
|---|---|--|---|---|

Answers on page 18



## WHO'S WHO IN MONTEREY

### Sue Moody White



FLEANOR KIMBERLEY

Sue Moody White, the author of many of the poems that have appeared in these pages, is carrying on a family tradition. Her grandfather, Joel Moody, wrote *Song of Kansas*, the first book of poetry to be published in Kansas. He was also first State Historian and was instrumental, as a legislator, in establishing the Kansas Board of Regents. Sue's own literary gift appeared early. When she was in the fifth grade, in Lawrence, Kansas, her essay, "The Road to Hell," was singled out to be read out loud to her whole class.

In high school she worked on the school newspaper, which won a second prize in the state for its excellence. At the University of Kansas she naturally majored in journalism, and she worked for three years on the university paper, *The Daily Kansan*, as a feature writer. She also wrote three prize-winning plays. "The money seemed like a lot, in those days—it bought all my clothes for two years!"

Sue was asked to write a musical for the Follies put on by the women's student government of the University. It was called *Betty Lou*, and its unprecedented popularity netted enough receipts to establish four scholarships for needy high school girls all over the state. Three of the male "Spanish dancers" in the show became well known in later life: Buddy

Rogers was a movie actor, then the manager and husband of Mary Pickford, Earl Alvine became a Hollywood director, and Bob Moody (Sue's brother) had a quartet on NBC for twelve years.

As an undergraduate, Sue held summer jobs at writers' colonies in Estes Park, Colorado, and the Bar B. C. Ranch at Jackson Hole, Wyoming. The latter opportunity, arranged by an influential cousin, led to a long friendship with Struthers Burt, a best-selling novelist, who encouraged her dream of becoming a professional writer.

After graduation, Sue married a fellow journalism student, Llewellyn (Johnny) White, and they set off for England to seek their literary fortune. The Depression had begun, and they found the London newspapers laying people off rather than hiring, so on they went to Paris, where they fared better. For two years Johnny worked at the Paris desk of the *New York Herald* and Sue found assignments as a freelance writer. Then they spent a year in New York, and Sue wrote for *The Commonwealth*, *The Christian Herald*, *Woman's Home Companion*, *Ladies Home Journal*. The Whites then returned to Paris, where Sue became a women's correspondent for the United Press, following in the footsteps of Edna Ferber, Princess Fazil, and Martha Gelhorn. Her interviews ranged from actresses and famous designers to war refugees and even "the unsinkable Molly Brown," who became a personal friend for many years.

In 1931 they were again in New York, where their son, Robert, was born. The Whites bought a house in Teaneck, New Jersey, and a summer cottage in East Otis near Benton Pond, where Bobby learned to swim. (Bobby continued the family writing tradition, entering the scholarly side of the literary world. He earned an MA at Columbia with a thesis on Yeats and a Ph. D. at Boston University with a dissertation on the letters of Swift. He is now a college teacher in the Boston area.)

Sue and Bobby were in Paris again and had just found an apartment, where Johnny was to join them, when World War II broke out and the Wehrmacht invaded France. Conditions in Paris quickly deteriorated, and the Whites endured bombardments and near starvation before they were repatriated via Lisbon by an international agreement set up by President Roosevelt. Back in New York, Sue continued her career in magazine writing. She estimates that her articles appeared in some twenty-two magazines. Of course, there were pieces on her war experiences in Paris, as well as a variety of other



subjects, and a special interest continued to be interviews with all kinds of unusual people. Also, her poems began to appear in poetry journals across the country.

Meanwhile, she supplemented the family income with teaching, first at Hannah More Academy in New York and then at St. Mary's College in Maryland. While she was teaching writing, she also enjoyed the discipline of taking courses herself—for eight years she attended the Breadloaf Graduate School at Middlebury College in Vermont, where she accumulated the credits for an MA. During those years she also received a fellowship in creative writing that gave her the opportunity to go to the University of Alabama to study with Hudson Strode. She received a Robert Frost Fellowship for the next summer at Breadloaf—Frost himself chose her from among the many applicants. Strode then arranged for another year at Alabama.

Her longest teaching stint has been at St. Margaret's School in Tappahannock, Virginia, where she taught creative writing from 1963 to 1979, and where she was Writer in Residence from 1979 to 1984. Now retired, she has an apartment across the street from the school where so many of her friends and associates still live. She is still sending poems far and wide to journals and competitions. She has finished two novels and is well along on two others. There is a war novel, another about murder and romance in the Berkshires, one about an adolescent girl growing up and learning how to control her destiny, and a psychological murder mystery set in a girls' school.

The Whites' East Otis cottage was sold in the 1940s, and Johnny died in the 1950s, but summer still brings Sue White to the Berkshires, where she has a house on Route 23 at the Monterey-Otis line. Sue's friends enjoy her skill as a raconteur. Names of famous writers and others who have helped her on her interesting way drift through the conversation. Sue listens as well as she talks as she reminisces about her adventurous and creative life and her long association with the Monterey-Otis locale of these beloved hills.

— David P. McAllester



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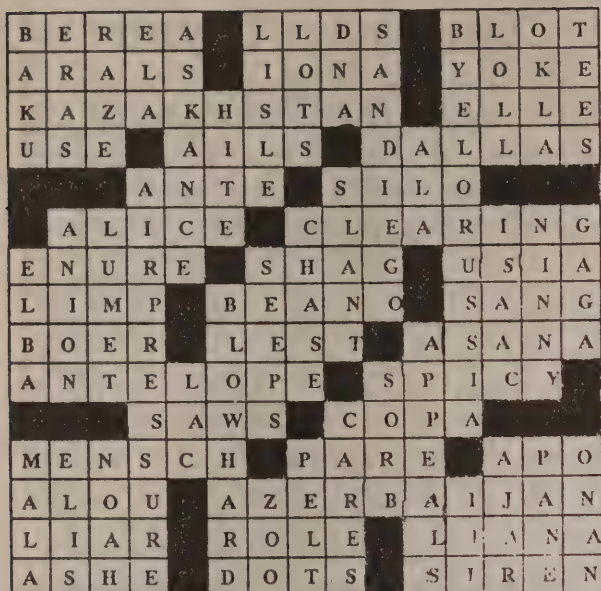
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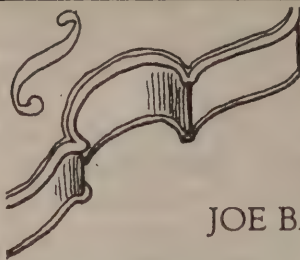
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## ON THE ROAD AGAIN

### "Montana, Here We Come!"

New York (the Empire State) has regions: first you go through the Hudson River Region, then the Adirondack Region, and finally the Leatherstocking Region. They look pretty much the same to me. Locked on I-90, for mile after mile, what, aside from playing hopscotch with the huge trucks that flank you on either side, do you do with your time? You talk to your dogs and cats. After a while they go to sleep. Then you feed your face. On the motor cover (just like a table), I keep something to drink, fruit, nuts, etc. When you're driving fast across the country, eating and listening to the radio make you feel at peace. On the radio is the same guy you heard before . . . talks about stocks and bonds. And at night, an old friend, Bruce, on Talknet. You feel good, while the country flies by. There is a sign that says, "to Poland" and one "to Rome" and later on "to Greece"—all in the state of New York. I stayed the night with a friend in Rochester.

Into Pennsylvania (The Place Where America Began). The corn should be high by now, but it's only about 18 inches, and it's dry as a bone. The earth looks parched. I stayed in Erie, with a friend who owns a vineyard. Her grapes were in fine shape.

Into Ohio. I saw in the distance the skyscrapers of Cleveland, but they looked funny. When I got close, I saw they were bathed in smog. Winding through Cleveland, there was no sun. It looked like a rainstorm was coming. My throat was sore, eyes hurt, nose dripping, dull headache. You couldn't pay me to stay a weekend in downtown Cleveland! On the radio from "the edge of the Great Lakes" was a playlet warning people "not to chew tobacco." Most of the barns were white. The corn was still dried up. I stayed the night in a lovely rest area.

Into Indiana. I saw signs: Notre Dame, then near Chicago, World Music Theatre, home of President Reagan, and Starved Rock Park. I used the rest area bathroom. The water went on when you put your hands under the faucet. The dryer went on when you got near it, and the toilet flushed when you stood up. On the radio early in the morning, I heard the price of soybeans, and the cost of lean cattle. "We have sold corn to Japan for two years." (I'll bet there'll be no corn this year.) "We have a contract with Russia." After a while, all the farms look alike, all the dried-up corn looks alike, the hills that slow the camper down to fifty—all alike. Dull.

Where Indiana borders Iowa, you cross the mighty Mississippi. In Iowa (Explore the Heartland), I saw signs for Moscow, then the birthplace of Herbert Hoover, then John Wayne's birthplace. In the middle of nowhere comes, suddenly, the great metropolis of Des Moines. I found my way to a lovely big house, surrounded by treed hills. It belonged to a friend I had met, just once, on a trip to Brazil years ago. The whole family was so hospitable. We had pizza and went to the daughter's high school football game. I stayed the night in my camper in their driveway.

Stopped in Sewart, Iowa, to have an oil leak fixed. It took a day of waiting around. Across the Missouri River into Nebraska, and the big city of Omaha. My father was born here and buried here. Last two times I was here: just after my college graduation from Stanford (almost engaged), my father brought me for a visit. While we were sitting at the luncheon table, my aunt answered the phone. She came back, shouting hysterically, "The Japs have bombed Pearl Harbor!" I thought, I shall have to speed up my wedding! And the second time, for my father's funeral. Near Omaha, I checked into a campground, one of 500 that belong to my camping club. I parked my camper, hooked up the electric, water and sewer, and took the dogs and cats to see the park. Lovely. Tennis, big pool, sauna and two hot tubs! I vacuumed, cooked a chicken and got out my word processor.

Into South Dakota (really Out West now). Crossed the Missouri again near Chamberlain. Farms here are far apart. A few cows now and then, miles from any buildings. Desolate! The wind blowing across the plains came in blasts. I had to hold the steering wheel tight. Good-looking horses. They have gambling casinos here! The fields of growing grass, and the fallow fields . . . so black . . . make funny checkerboards on the hills.

It took thirteen hours "in the saddle" to get across the state to the booming city of Rapid City. Took time out to see the 100-year-old Corn Palace in Mitchell . . . and famous Wall Drug in Wall. A couple settled in Wall fifty years ago. They couldn't make a go of it there in the Badlands, so they put up lots of signs: "Free Ice Water at Wall Drug." Today the whole town circles around the much-expanded Wall Drug. Ice water is still free, and coffee is only five cents. Near Rapid City is Mount Rushmore. The faces look wan, even in the bright morning sun. At my campground nearby, we had a rodeo!



I went up into the mountains to see the old gold town of Deadwood, now a thriving den of gambling casinos. I saw the video in the museum. Wild Bill Hickok was shot here. The trial was in the Union Hall. I looked inside—it was full of committed slot machine “pushers.” Calamity Jane roamed the streets with Bill in 1876. They are buried side by side in Deadwood’s Boot Hill. Deadwood had a big colony of Chinese. I went in to Kitty’s and had Chinese food.

Into Wyoming (A Great Land Outdoors). Only cowboy music on the radio from now on. An ad for snow tires. I stopped in Sundance for gas, coffee and a homemade cinnamon bun. The waitress said, “They come in here like a pile of crickets.” I got back to my camper (parked in front of the Courthouse of Crook County). To get on I-90, you have to go over a cattle guard. They don’t want horses and cattle on the turnpike! Pink asphalt and pink dirt roads. A train goes by, pulling fifty coal cars. Some little pine trees growing on the tops of hills, but otherwise, just grass and more grass. Traveling fast on I-90, only two trucks and one car are in view. I haven’t seen a cop in four days. There’s my first oil well. They look like giant beetles—up slowly, down slowly. The dogs bark at them. They look alive.

Sage brush. Crossed Dead Horse Creek. For the first time I saw mountains that were really mountains, so high that they had snow patches. Crossed Crazy Woman Creek. Wyoming car licenses have a bucking bronco on them. I see signs: Game Crossing, Beebeetown, Deer Crossing.

From the yellow grass of Wyoming into the yellow grass of Montana. The signs says: Welcome to Montana: Centennial 1889-1989. We’re here!

— Joan Reed

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## RICHARD DELMOLINO, SR.

Richard J. Delmolino, Sr., 47, of Route 23, died September 25 at Fairview Hospital of heart disease.

He was born in Great Barrington on May 26, 1944, son of Alio and Mae Anselmini Delmolino, and attended local schools.

He served in the Navy from 1961 to 1963.

Mr. Delmolino was a resident of Great Barrington for many years before moving to Monterey in 1986.

He was a self-employed truck driver for his company, Nuts and Bolts Co., retiring due to a disability in 1987.

He and his wife, the former Barbara Woodcock, celebrated their 24th wedding anniversary on July 1.

Besides his wife and his parents, of Great Barrington, he leaves three sons, Scott A. Delmolino of Great Barrington, Todd M. Delmolino of Monterey, and Richard J. Delmolino, Jr., of Burlington, Vermont; three daughters, Mrs. Robin L. Morrison of Great Barrington, Miss Allison M. Delmolino of Monterey and Mrs. Sherri Lynn Beatty of Burlington, Vermont; four brothers, William P. Delmolino of Atlanta, Georgia, Paul M. Delmolino of Riverside, California, Gary P. Delmolino of Pittsfield, and Thomas A. Delmolino of Salsbury, Connecticut; a sister, Mrs. Lisa M. Ball of West Hampton Beach, New York; and four grandchildren.

Memorial donations may be made to the American Heart Association in care of Hickey-Birches Funeral Home.



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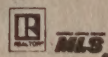
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## PERSONAL NOTES

Our congratulations to **Jonathan and Wendy Sachs Bond** on the birth of their son, **Matthew Tyler**, on July 30. Matthew was born in New Jersey, weighing in at 7 lbs. 7 oz., and is already pestering three-year-old brother **Alexander**. Proud grandparents are **Marvin and Barbara Sachs** of Tyringham Road. Of note, Dad Jonathan recently appeared on the TV show *20/20* and was written up in the Sunday *New York Times* in relation to his successful ad agency, The Creative Process.

And congratulations to **Garry and Linda Hayes Lentz**, whose welcome arrival, a son, **Jesse Michael**, was born on September 9 in West Palm Beach, Florida. Elated grandparents are **Arnie and Judy Hayes** of Tyringham Road.

Hats off to talented musician **Anson Olds** of Blue Hill Road, who placed first in the Open division of the Blandford Old Time Fiddle contest on August 31.

Potter **Michael Marcus**, owner of Joyous Spring Pottery on Art School Road, completed a ten-day firing of 1,500 pieces of unglazed pottery. Michael studied pottery in Japan and after moving to Monterey built his 43-foot-long firebrick kiln, which is fired every two years.

**Lew Scheffey** of Wellman Road will have his art work on display at the Welles Gallery at the Lenox Library. The show can be seen from 10:00 to

5:00 Monday through Saturday, until October 10. The show will include Berkshire scenes as well as figure and still life paintings. Proceeds from the show will go to the Lenox Library and to the Turkeybush Foundation, dedicated to the preservation of open space, farmland, and scenic vistas in the Berkshires.

Welcome back to the **Rosenthal** family. **Tom, Ellen, Lucy and Cody** are back and settled after an awesome and extensive summer tour of Europe.

Our best wishes to Monterey students who have left for college. **Tasha Grotz** is at Dartmouth, **Ann Marie Makuc** at Wellesley, **Kip Makuc** at Boston University, **Jen Swann** at UMass, **Bill Thieriot** at Syracuse U., and **John Pizzichemi** is studying at BCC. Have an awesome year, all of you!

**Ellen Pearson** spent a memorable birthday on September 7. After organizing a fabulous agricultural parade to kick off this year's "A Taste of the Berkshires" celebration, she then did a masterful job as the parade's announcer.

Very Happy Birthday Wishes to **Rita Gottlieb** on October 1, to **Jim Gauthier** on October 2, to **Tom Thorn** on October 9, to **Dave Quisenberry** on October 12, to **Claire Mielke** on October 24, and to **Debbie Mielke** on October 27 (better get shopping, Rick!).

Any news you'd like to share? Your contributions are appreciated! Please drop items in the mail to me, Route 23, or give me a call at 528-4519. Thanks!

— Stephanie Grotz



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We are grateful to the following people for their contributions during the past month:

Lucille O'Neill  
Donna Brallier  
Harold M. Greene  
Elizabeth S. Lippert  
Phyllis and Mark Cash  
Susan and Seldon Whitaker  
Edward and Carolyn O'Malley  
Shirley and Charles Dolby  
Judith Friedman  
Jerry Fenton  
Joan W. Reed



## CALENDAR

*Tuesday, October 1*—Prayer meeting at the home of Alice Howell and Walter Andersen, 7:00 a.m.

*Monday, October 7*—Opening program of the fall Book Reading/Discussion series, 7:00 p.m., at the Monterey Library. For more information, see "Monterey Library Notes" elsewhere in this issue.

*Tuesday, October 8*—Meeting of the Monterey Round Table, 7:30 p.m. at the home of Alice and Arthur Somers.

*Wednesday, October 9*—Community Dinner, 6:30 p.m. in the church basement. Shuichi Sekimoto, of Osaka, Japan, a member of the Never Again Campaign, a group which spreads the message of the survivors of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings, will present a film called *The Lost Generation*.

*Thursday, October 10*—Friends of Silence meditation at the home of Alice Howell and Walter Andersen, 7:30 a.m.

*Thursday, October 10*—CPR class, sponsored by the Monterey Fire Company, 7:00 p.m. at the firehouse. Call Dan Andrus at 528-5444 to register.

*Saturday, October 12*—7th Annual Harvest Moon Square and Contradance Party at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, Mass. 8:00 p.m.-midnight. Joe Baker and Mountain Laurel with guest caller Sarah Gregory Smith of Salem, Mass. Everyone is welcome. Special halftime

entertainment for the whole family includes singing with Bill and Sarah Smith and a performance by Steve Charney and Harry the Dummy of NPR's *Knock on Wood*. Homemade refreshments (baked goods, apple desserts, coffee, tea, cider) included in the price of admission. Adults: \$7, children \$3. Information: 528-9385.

*Sunday, October 13*—Last day of the 1991 season at The Bidwell House, 11:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.

*Tuesday, October 15*—Free flu shots offered by the Visiting Nurses Association, 9:00-10:30 a.m., downstairs at the Town Hall.

*Monday, October 21*—Second program in the fall Book Reading/Discussion series, 7:00 p.m. at the Monterey Library.

*Thursday, October 24*—Planning Board Public Hearing on changes in the zoning bylaws, 7:30 p.m. in the Town Hall.

*Saturday, October 26*—Square and Contra Dance, New England-style, at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, Mass. 8:30-11:30 p.m. This program is for people who have some square or contradance experience. All dances taught by caller Joe Baker, music by Mountain Laurel. Refreshments served. Admission \$4. Information: 528-9385.

*Sunday, October 27*—Annual Halloween Party at the firehouse, 2:00-3:30 p.m. All children and adults from Monterey are invited to join in the fun, which will include hayrides, games, costume contests, prizes, refreshments, and more.

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Three-inch ad (3" x 3")	7.50
Four-inch ad (4 1/8" x 3")	10.00

Back cover ads are double the above prices. All ads should be submitted camera-ready.

Editorial material should reach the editor by the 15th of the month before publication, ads by the 20th. In general, we cannot run letters more than one column in length, and we will not run unsigned letters. We welcome your submissions. Questions? Call the editor at 528-3128.

Editor ..... Alice Schick

Reporters ..... Maggie Leonard  
David P. McAllester  
Ellen K. Pearson

Poetry Editor ..... David P. McAllester

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